

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA
W E S T V I E W



Volume 22
Issue 1 *Fall/Winter*

Article 33

11-15-2002

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Recommended Citation

Cooperman, Robert (2002) "Reverend Burden Speaks Privately with John Sprockett," *Westview*: Vol. 22 : Iss. 1 , Article 33.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol22/iss1/33>

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Reverend Burden Speaks Privately with John Sprockett

by Robert Cooperman

I'm chief pillar
of the newly erected church
I had to bully from this town.
If I seek a divorce,
my flock'll be ravaged
like demons possessing swine.

What's one more murder to you,
wearing slaughtered souls as lightly
as savages decorate their belts
with Christian scalps?

My wife's no fit helpmate
for a man of God:
she fornicates with the Frenchman;
I've nosed out his letters to her,
destroyed them in a righteous frenzy.
She flaunts her adultery
like a biblical harlot.

When I confronted her,
she laughed the scorn
of Salome in my face,
rolled her hips
like Mistress Quickly:
you and me both love the Bard.

So here's my proposal:
a bag of purest dust, to toss
that strumpet into this dead shaft,
to avenge me like Othello.

To be continued in future issues

These poems are part of a collection entitled *The Widow's Burden*.

Purchase information may be obtained from Western Reflections Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1647, Montrose, CO 81402-1647.

